

# The Colonnade

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THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF GEORGIA

May 23, 1966

## Letters to the editor

## Tri-Beta Accepts WC Biology Club

Dear Editor:

I realize the importance of the cases which are reported to House Council and Judiciary. These instances are brought before said organizations because a student has broken some rule which she was honor-pledged not to break. This is as it should be.

However, during the past few quarters a few situations have arisen in which the girls who were offenders in these cases were unaware that someone had reported them. I, speaking for others who agree with me, wish to tell these reporters to consult their '65-'66 handbook (page 17) and read, "that in complete fulfillment of our responsibility to each other through C.G.A. we pledge to talk with offenders concerning their violations advising them to report themselves." (Underlining from book. It is only after the offender refuses to report herself that the knower of the offense becomes the reporter of said offense.

I believe the girl who refuses to abide by this pledge is just as guilty of broken honor as the girl she reports. Likewise she should also be counted as an offender. Ignorance is no excuse for breaking any honor-bound rule, much less this important one. The girl who undertakes to assume the responsibility of reporting someone should know the facts.

Needless to say, it is by this very action of speaking to the offender that one student expresses genuine concern for her fellow being, instead of a sometimes too prudish and non-compassionate sense of clear-cut wrong.

Perhaps the reporter fears persecution from the offender or the offender's friends. However, if this person deems it so necessary that the offender be punished for wrong, surely she should not fear petty persecution, for what she truly believes is right. Perhaps this is easier said than done, but the facts still remain as stated, and they should be respected.

Sincerely,  
Carol Reed

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## The Play's The Thing

by James Callahan

MMe Martin: Quelle est la morale?  
Le Pompier: C'est a vous de la trouver.

Ionesco, *La Cantatrice Chauve*

Acts With-and Without words gave us last week four evenings of art and entertainment which were as exciting, thoughtful, and moving as anything which has taken place on this campus in recent years in general and on the stage of Russell in particular.

Maloon has consistently been able to achieve a most admirable goal in the realm of amateur theatre: productions that are eminently worth doing but which are within the reach of non-professional performers. This is a happy exception to the rule of the banalities which characterize the large majority of community and college theatre and the tragic miscarriages of the overly-ambitious performances of Joan of Arc played by last year's Miss Gum Spirits of Turpentine. We may never get around to a local production of *Othello* (God forbid!), but in the meanwhile we shall be spared The Barretts of Wimpole Street wrapped in yards of Arsenious Old Lace.

To my knowledge, Acts Without Words was the first W.C. venture into the Theatre of the Absurd. It was an interesting and engaging test of the ability of the performers, the stage crew, the director, and the audience, and all seemed to come away with laurels.

The evenings of drama featured three works of one of the most controversial authors of our time, Samuel Beckett, and a work of Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Aria da Capo*.

Beckett's *Act Without Words I* was performed on successive evenings by Nancy Arsenaux and Mary Kay Kanellos. Both maintained a very delicate and difficult balance between buffoonery and tragedy and delivered the mime with a power that one would expect only from seasoned actors. The scene was a desert onto which a man is flung backwards. Staccato toots of a whistle draw his attention in various directions to more or less desirable objects, notably a carafe of water, a rope, boxes of various shapes and sizes, a large pair of scissors, and a rather ridiculous tree.

The tragi-comic hero attempts to manipulate the boxes and the rope to gain the water bottle but to no avail. With each reasonable attempt, it is drawn out of reach. In the end he sinks into complete immobility. The whistle sounds, but he no longer hears it. The water is dangled in

his face, but he does not move. The pursuit of objectives that forever recede as they are attained - inevitably so through the action of time, which changes us in the process of reaching what we crave - can find release only in the recognition of that nothingness which, according to Beckett, is the only reality.

When Alan Schneider, who directed the first American production of *Waiting for Godot*, asked Beckett who or what was meant by Godot, he received the answer, "If I knew, I would have said so in the play." This may serve as a salutary warning to anyone who approached Beckett's plays (or anyone else's for that matter) with the intention of stating definitively "what it means." As Beckett himself points out in his essay on James Joyce's *Work in Progress*, the form, structure, and mood of an artistic statement cannot be separated from its meaning, its conceptual content; simply because the work of art as a whole is its meaning, what is said in it is indissolubly linked with the manner in which it is said, and cannot be said in any other way. Beckett's craft clearly exemplifies this philosophy, and we are fortunate to have seen performances that gave it a very clear statement.

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## Hutchinson Chosen

## For Pop Program

Mary Ann Hutchinson will perform as guest pianist in the Atlanta Pop Concerts this summer accompanied by the Atlanta Pops Orchestra under the direction of Albert Coleman.

Mary Ann was one among many who auditioned on Saturday, May 14, at the Americana Motel in Atlanta.

Mary Ann was selected to perform "Presto," the last movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor for piano.

The five pops concerts will be held every Sunday night beginning on June 5 and ending on July 3 in the Chastain Park Amphitheatre. Mary Ann will perform on only one of those nights; the exact date of her performance has not been announced yet.

Mary Ann pointed out that other presentations on the program will include vocal select-

The National Biology Society, Beta Beta Beta, has accepted the local chapter, Kappa Gamma, of the Biology Club of the Woman's College of Georgia which is sponsored by Dr. George Christenberry.

The installation of the club officers was on Friday afternoon, May 29, 1966. The officers installed were: president, Anne Halligan; vice-president, Judy Nash; secretary, Kay Templeton; and historian, Patricia Waters.

The chapter sponsored an installation banquet on Friday night following the installation of officers. The banquet was held at the Milledgeville Country Club at 7:00 p.m.

Guests of the club were, as follows: Dr. and Mrs. George Christenberry; Dr. Harold Jones; Dr. David Cotter, who will be the new head of the W.C.G. biology department; Dr. I.W. Carpenter, installing officer from Appalachian College.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Lee; Dean Carolyn Gettys; Dr. Joseph Vincent; Dr. and Mrs. David Baarda; Mr. and Mrs. Orrie Stenroos; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Price; Colonel Edgar Morris, and Miss Jessie Trawick.

The club elected Dr. Harold Jones as an honorary member. He was presented with a gift from the club by Anne Halligan.

Members of the club are, as follows: Phyllis Atwood, Sue Berry, Ola Blackwell, Mary Kay Corbitt, Mahala Crisler, Susan Dean, Wanda Garrett.

Sarah Ann Greene, Anne Halligan, Donna Hice, Maisie Loo, Andy McCall, Olivia McMichael, Sharon Milliken.

Jeanne Milner, Judy Nash, Sallie Powell, Brenda Rainwater, Judith Taylor, Kay Templeton, Rita Teston.

Gloria Thornton, Beverly Wade, Kay Walters, Patricia Waters and Marianna Wilson.

ions and small instrumental groups.

A resident of Dublin, Georgia, Mary Ann is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hutchinson. She is majoring in music and English.

Her other activities include membership in SAI, Allegro, Literary Guild, and the Junior advisor program. Mary Ann will also serve as secretary-treasurer for C.G.A. next year.

Letters, cont.

Dear Editor:

There are a number of students who feel that the registration for new rooms has gotten entirely out of hand. The deceitfulness, lying, and dishonesty which takes place at this time is unbecoming of a school which is operating under an honor system.

We feel that perhaps a better way of registering could be adopted by the administration. We would like to suggest that the registering for rooms should be done by classes, senior naturally having first priority. This way of course, would not please everyone; so if there is any other possible way, we would like to see a change made.

Respectfully,  
Concerned Students

## Farewell to the Seniors

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FACULTY ADVISERS: Mrs. Mary Key Ferrell and Dr. Edward Dawson.

### EDITORIAL POLICY:

The purpose of the Columnade is to serve as a clearinghouse for student opinion, to treat controversial issues with adequate discretion, to feature topics of interest to students, and to report activities taking place on campus.

The Play, cont.

In Krapp's Last Tape, a monodrama played by Mr. Jim Maloon, Beckett brings to life the problem of the ever-changing identity of the self, a problem which he earlier described in an essay on Proust. A tape recorder is the chief prop. It enables the sixty-nine year old unsuccessful writer, Krapp, to encounter the earlier incarnation of the self which he now finds utterly strange. A decrepit failure, he listens to a tape of his own voice made thirty years before. He is such a stranger to himself that he has to use a dictionary to look up some of the elaborate language of his younger days. When the tape reaches the description of the great moment of insight of his entire life, up to that point, he won't be bothered to listen to it and winds the tape on. The only recollection that moves him notable is one of lovemaking in a rowboat on a lake. He uses his last tape to record the current year's balance sheet of his life, and finds that he has "Nothing to say, not a squeak." He uses the tape to revel in the word "spool," and remembers a bit of lovemaking with an old hag; but then he returns to the old tape. Again, the description of the love scene on the lake is heard, and the old tape ends with a summing up: "Perhaps my best years are gone. When there was a chance for happiness. But I wouldn't want them back." And so ends the play.

Mr. Maloon's performance was brilliant and moving and reflected the deep sensitivity of his art. Those who saw it will never forget it, and, if anything like myself, will never cease to be grateful for it.

Act Without Words II, a mime for two players, who clumb out of their separate-but-equal bags and into the same baggy suit (at separate times, of course) was the final offering of Beckett and of the evening. One uses prayer and pills to motivate his molasses-like speed, plodding painfully but dutifully from one mechanical duty to the next. The other uses a watch to time every rapid and enthusiastic move. The funniest goad you'll run into (if you have many experiences with goads) prompts each of them into action. The action is totally different. The result is totally the same. The "meaning"? "C'est a vous de la trouver!" Performed on successive evenings by Yvonne Sanderlin and Mary Mac Moore, and Cathy Covey and Sharon Brown, it was delightfully played by each.

The only non-Beckett play of the evening was Edna St. Vincent Millay's Aria da Capo. It is Miss Millay's symbolic parable attacking war. A beautifully and skillfully constructed little play, it takes its name from the musical term indicating a song in three parts, in which the third is a repetition of the first. The play follows this form, using two sets of characters and moods. The senseless tragedy of war is poised against the empty, incongruous fripperies of an indifferent humanity which hastens to brush the horrors of war out of sight. On the first evening, the play came off, but rather unconvincingly. On the final evening, it was indeed the highlight. On that evening, the counterpoint between bitterness and frivolity was perfectly balanced, and remarkable fine performances were given by Janice McLeroy, Sherrill Crowell, Linda Canady, Georgia Ann Newman, and Lyla Osinundsen.

The theatre, it seems to me, is one of the most vitally important places in our contemporary world. It is a stronghold of freedom where, perhaps more effectively than elsewhere, a liturgy of love can be truly re-enacted. We should be profoundly grateful to our drama department for helping to keep it that way.

## A Bit Of Columnude

WHAT IF:

Dr. Lee couldn't play golf or tennis. Miss Payne and Dr. Poindexter couldn't "jerk".

Mr. Lynes couldn't operate a slide projector.

The waitresses went on strike.

Dr. Lounsbury were not allowed to sit on his desk.

Madame Schweitzer couldn't speak French.

Mary Mac couldn't talk.

The swimming pool overflowed. (it did)

Mrs. Burke were on time to Tuesday classes.

Mrs. Ferrell or Dr. Gardner should lose her glasses.

The tennis courts were orange and black.

There was a Shoney's in Milledgeville. Freshmen could have cars on campus.

There was a free shuttle bus service to Macon.

Lake Sinclair dried up.

Miss Osborne had to play chopsticks instead of spoons.

Cadets were allowed to wear civilian clothes on the weekend.

Chicken was not legally to be served in the dining hall.

Mr. Williams left the windows closed in sub-zero weather.

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### THE MARVELOUS MUSICIAN STRIKES AGAIN

It is with great regret that the Columnude reports the latest unfortunate occurrences that haunt Dr. Robert F. Wolfersteig, director of the Woman's College Choir.

It has long been noticed that this vibrant individual experiences some of the most woeful of happenings. One such occurrence which contributes to the forced cancellation is the trouble Dr. Wolfersteig experiences with his back. It is quite unusual for one to develop a charlie horse in the left vertebrae of the lower back. These small ills usually haunt other regions. However, through no fault of his own, poor Dr. Wolfersteig has developed such a malady. Though his conducting is calm, almost to the sweet, placid stage, he is nevertheless troubled. Perhaps his small, measured steps during choir rehearsals have thrown his back out of kilter.

At any rate, Dr. Wolfersteig's minor ailment will certainly come as a painful shock to the entire student body and faculty as well. Due to the stabbing pain it causes him, he will be unable to portray Billis, the island character for which he is so highly noted. who else could do the justice to a clinging grass skirt and armful of coconuts that he could do?

Were the aches and pains he experiences the only irritations which plague Dr. Wolfersteig, the Woman's College "family" would not be moved to feel the great sorrow it does. However, his back is minor when compared to some of the other problems which confront him. The hairy hand of fate tracks him as relentlessly as

Well, hello out there, all you Oedipus fans!

I was thinking the other day (Tuesdays and Thursdays are my "thought" days), and decided since this was my last column for the year, I'd relinquish dishing out the usual trash (No offense to those who have written me such "interesting" letters) and give you the latest info on my plans for the summer. Are you ready?

Last summer I worked in one of those swinging little dives off Montgomery Street called The Kitten Corner. It was really for the older cats; but I have well-developed whiskers, and the manager decided I could handle myself well enough. So I was given the position of Go-Go Cat.

Well, one night I was discovered -- (someone stepped on my tail and I invented the Wah-tusi.) A talent agent from Atlanta noticed my outstanding form and asked me to entertain our corps in Viet Nam.

I naturally jumped at the chance -- all those foreign kittens! The tour will last about a month, and I'm really looking forward to seeing some of my G.M.C. friends. So please don't feel bashful if you recognize me. I'll be glad to give you my pawograph.

Next, I've been interviewed to do a "Puss in Boots" commercial for the Corregge Boot Company. Purina Chow Company put in a bid for my services, too, but there's more money in boots than chow these days. I've also been asked to do a re-make of "Cat on a Hot Boloney Sandwich," but I figure I've dished out enough of that this year.

The remainder of the summer will be spent in the sun in superfluous contemplation of next year's column ("I shall return," to quote General MacArthur. Like death and taxes, I'm an eternal frustration). I've been thinking of doing an expose on the social life of some of the W.C.G. dorms, but there's an editorial policy against "mud-raking" in the Columnade.

In any case, I'll be back next year, spreading my sunshine and exercising my many shades of humor -- so smile; sunshines good for your teeth!

Your own tom-cat,  
Oedipus

### Deputy Dog.

On occasion, a pant leg--one lone pant leg--has been observed hanging from his briefcase. Unknown to many, this is but one more painful reminder of his ill fortune.

In closing, the Columnude wishes to convey to Dr. Wolfersteig its hope for a radical change in his luck in the days to come. We certainly look forward to seeing him on the podium in the future.